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EXHIBIT B



Do you ever get tired of being scared, tired of being afraid to be yourself? The world was never created to watch people suffer and die, it was made to show peace. Every girl and boy has a story and here is my happy tale ending.

I woke up on a Monday morning, with my mouth dry and vision blurry. It was a bad start (waking up this early should be a crime). I get into the shower and my mom says (do you ever have a moment when you just stand in the shower and think, what if your life runs down your body?) The thoughts that I think in the shower are thoughts that a girl my age should think.

Who is gonna hit me today? Who will call me every name in the book today? Will they all show me their loyalty isn't as real as I hoped? What boys will touch me today? What teachers are gonna watch me cry? Who am I trying to avoid today? Who can I trust to walk down a hallway alone with? Who is going to make me feel worthless today?

The moment ends and I get out of the shower cold as the new air hits my vision. I look in the mirror and the moment begins again, (every inch, every part of me is imperfect. In the eyes of a girl who is always told she is fat, ugly, disgusting, and stupid. You look in the mirror and you see what you have and you realize, it's not for your peers, or your messed up family.) The moment ends and I start to think about the thoughts of new styles and fashion trends run through my mind and I know one day I still won't meet the "popular" opinion.

I walk to school and the fear begins. Not the fear of when you're failing a class, but on the first hill on the Diamondback, this is a fear of death and loss. When the judge starts, all the judges have come to the courtroom. Every time I walk into the courtroom, somebody smacks their teeth, their voice makes me shudder as the woman in their carmax coated lips, like fingers flowing up and down the strings of my heart.

My body wants to shut down and run from the room cursing and crying. But I sit there and laugh and smile. A mask is only as good as its painter. When words come from their wretched mouth, I hear them on the outside but I know the real stuff is going on. I smile all day, make jokes, and laugh. And even when I'm sad, I put on the laughing gas.

When you see your favorite teacher, they know something is wrong and when you're fine. You can be a girl or boy but at the end of the day, their



Lunch is hell on earth, for teachers and students. But the judges are in the waiting for their first case.

At the end of the day before I get home, my mask is chipped and cracked into pieces. I do my routine, still barely hanging on, I get ready for bed. I lie in bed, all of my thoughts kill me. It feels like a pounding headache, as everything that happened that day runs wickedly through my mind. It feels like needles and pain. No matter what I do, I lay there and cry as I wish to die. I text one person and he is my key. He knows me as me. Then I lay in bed and paint a new mask for tomorrow.

